

No. 190.

DEATH

OF .

HUME AND FINNEY COMPARED

A

POWERFUL ARGUMENT

FOR

THE TRUTH AND EXCELLENCY

OF

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

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REASONS ASSIGNED FOR RENOUNCING INFIDELITY.

1. THAT I never saw, heard, or read of any man, woman, or child, that was reformed, either in whole or in part, by embracing the principles of infidelity.

2. That I have known hundreds, and heard of thousands, who have been reformed by embracing Christianity.

3. That I have known industrious and sober men, who, by imbibing the principles of infidelity, almost instantly became desperately wicked, and in many instances dangerous members of civil society.

4. That I have known some infidels, and many scoffers at religion, speedily and effectually turned from the most abandoned practices, *by the preaching of the Gospel*, to a life of righteousness, which showed itself by sobriety, industry, charity, brotherly kindness, and universal philanthropy.

5. That I recollect hearing but one infidel ever profess really to believe in a future state of rewards and punishments.

6. That I never met with a man who professed to be a real Christian, who did not build his principal hopes upon the reality of a future state.

7. That I cannot, in all infidel writings, find any law to prevent wickedness, or encourage virtue, with rewards and punishments annexed thereto.

8. That in Scripture all the crimes that man can possibly commit, are, under the severest penalties, forbidden, and every possible virtue is inculcated and encouraged, by promises of *eternal and exceeding great rewards*.

9. I have known some infidels, and read of many, who, at the apparent point of death, were seized with the most horrible despair, uttering the most bitter reflections against themselves for their total neglect of those duties commanded in the Gospel. But who ever heard or read of a Christian, at the hour of death, despairing of the mercy of God, because he had all his lifetime rejected infidelity, and shunned the company of its professors? Or even when long, fierce

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THE common sense and feelings of mankind have always taught them to consider death as a most awful and interesting event. If it were nothing more than a separation from all that we love in this world, the dissolution of our bodies, and the termination of our present mode of existence, there would be sufficient reason for approaching it with tender and solemn reflection. But when we add those anticipations of which very few, if any, can wholly divest themselves; that scene of "untried being," which lies before us; and especially *that* eternity which the Christian revelation unfolds, death becomes an object of unutterable moment; and every sober thought of it bears upon the heart with a weight of solicitude which it is not in the power of unaided reason to remove. The mere *possibility* of our living hereafter, is enough to engage the attention of a wise man; the *probability* of it is too grave and affecting to leave an excuse for indifference; and the *certainty* with which the Scriptures speak of it, as of an immortality of blessedness or of woe, allows to light and ludicrous speculations concerning it, no other character than that of the insanity of wickedness.

When that hour draws nigh which shall close the busi-

ness of life, and summon the spirit to the bar of "God who gave it," all the motives to deception cease, and those false reasonings which blind the judgment are dissipated. It is the hour of truth, and of sincerity. Such, at least, is the *general* fact, which cannot be invalidated by the concession that, in some instances, men have been found to cherish their infatuation, and practise their knavery, to the very last. Their number in places which enjoy the pure Gospel, the only ones in our present view, is too small to make any perceptible difference in the amount; or to disparage that respectful credence with which the rustic and the sage listen to the testimony of a dying bed.

By this testimony, the "Gospel of the grace of God" has obtained, among every people, and in every age, such strong confirmation, and has carried into the human conscience such irresistible appeals for its truth, its power, and its glorious excellency, that its enemies have labored with all their might to discredit these triumphs. They have attacked the principle upon which the testimony of a dying believer rests. They have said that the mind, being necessarily enfeebled by the ravages of mortal disease upon the body, is not a competent judge of its own operations—that the looks, the tears, the whole conduct of surrounding friends, excite artificial emotions in the dying—that superstition has a prodigious ascendancy over their imagination—that their joyful impressions of heaven are the mere reveries of a disturbed brain—that their serenity, their steady hope, their placid faith, are only the natural consequence of long habit, which never operates more freely than when the faculty of reflection is impaired. All this, and more like this, do unhappy mortals, who take, or pretend to take pleasure in putting an extinguisher upon the light of life,

detail with an air of superiority, as if they had fallen upon a discovery which merits the plaudits of the world.

But were it even so—were the Christian victory over death only a dream, it is a dream so sweet and blessed, that, with the scourger of lord Bolingbroke's philosophy, I should "account that man a villain that awoke me—awoke me to truth and misery." But I am not going to discuss this question. The poor infidel does not believe himself, and why should others believe him? With one breath he endeavors to cry down the argument to be derived in favor of their religion, from the peaceful death of Christians; and with the next to enlist it in his own service. He omits no opportunity of celebrating the intrepidity or composure displayed by sceptical brethren in their last moments.

Let the letter of Dr. Adam Smith, concerning the death of *David Hume, Esq.* be a proof. Every sentence betrays his anxiety to set off his friend to the best advantage. The dullest observer cannot but perceive his design to compare Mr. Hume dying an infidel, with a Christian dying in the faith of Jesus. Let us draw out, at length, that comparison which he has only insinuated; and that the effect may be more decisive, let us remember, that the whole annals of unbelief do not furnish a more favorable example than he has selected. Mr. Hume was a man of undisputed genius. His versatile talent, his intense application, his large acquirements, and his uncommon acuteness, place him, perhaps, at the head of those enemies of revelation who attempt to *reason*; as Voltaire stands without a rival among those who only *scoff*. He had, besides, what rarely belongs to the ascertained infidel, a good moral reputation. We mean that he was not addicted to lewdness, to drunkenness, to knavery, or any of those grosser vices which are the natural and

ordinary companions of enmity to the Gospel. For otherwise, as he labored to unsettle all fixed principles of belief, to overturn the whole system of moral obligation, to obliterate a sense of God's authority from the conscience, and positively to inculcate the innocence of the greatest crimes, he must be accounted one of the most flagitiously immoral men that ever lived.

His panegyrist, too, was a man of superior parts and profound erudition. The name of Adam Smith will always rank high in the republic of letters; and will never be pronounced, but with respect, by the political economist. Mr. Hume can have lost nothing, has possibly gained much, by the pen of his friend. Taking him, therefore, as Dr. Smith's letter to Mr. Strahan represents him, let us contrast his last hours with those of that servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, *Dr. Samuel Finley*, formerly President of the College of New Jersey, as given by those who attended his dying bed.

Whatever be a man's opinions, one of his most rational occupations, in the prospect of leaving the world, is to look back upon the manner in which he has passed through it; to compare his duties with his conduct, and to inquire how far he deserves the approbation or the reproach of his own conscience. With a Christian this admits not of dispute. Nor will it be disputed by a deist, who professes his faith in the being and providence of God, and a state of rewards and punishments hereafter, proportioned to the degree of crime or of virtue here. To such a one it is, upon his own principles, a question of unspeakable importance, whether he shall commence his future existence with the hopes of happiness, or with fears of misery; especially, as he relies much upon the efficacy of penitence and prayer, in procur-

ing forgiveness of his faults, indulgence to his infirmities, and a general mitigation of whatever is unfavorable. Nay, the mortal deist, or the atheist himself, for they are not worth the trouble of a distinction, ought, for their own sakes in this life, to be so employed. If, with the rejection of all religious constraint, they have not also uprooted every affection of their nature, nothing could afford them more gratification, in the evening of their days, than the consciousness of their having contributed something to the mass of human comfort. In short, whether we argue upon Christian or unchristian grounds, it can be the interest of none but the worthless and the malignant, to shut their eyes upon their own history, and sink down in death, as a bullock drops under the knife of his executioner.

Yet, strange as it may appear, and inconsistent as it certainly is with his high pretensions, there are few things so rare as a dying infidel taking a deliberate retrospect of life. We say a *deliberate retrospect*; for it is undeniable, that on many of those who, like the apostate Julian, waged implacable war with the *Galilean*, conscience, recovering from its slumbers, has, at the hour of death, or the apprehension of it, forced an unwilling and tormenting recollection of their deeds. The point of honor in their philosophy seems to be, and their utmost attainment is, to keep completely out of view both the past and the future. This was evidently the case with Mr. Hume. In Dr. Smith's letter to Mr. Strahan, relating the last conversation of his infidel friend, you will not find a syllable from which you could gather that there is an hereafter, a providence, or a God—not a sentence to indicate that Mr. Hume believed he had ever committed a sin, or was, in any respect, an accountable being.

Turn now away from the philosopher, and hear what a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ has to say. Melting into gratitude for that mercy which he had received from his heavenly Father, Dr. Finley went back to the commencement of his Christian course, and desired a friend to pray that God "would be pleased to let him feel just as he did at that time when he first closed with Christ," and the rapture of his soul came near to the blessedness of heaven. With deep humility he owned his sinfulness: not a whisper of extenuation or apology did he utter—"I know not in what language to speak of my own unworthiness—I have been undutiful." But with great tenderness, as in the presence of the Omniscient, he attested his satisfaction with time spent in his Christian duties and enjoyments. "I can truly say that I have loved the service of God—I have honestly endeavored to act for God, but with much weakness and corruption—I have tried my Master's yoke, and will never shrink my neck from it." That he had been useful to others, and instrumental in their salvation, was to him a source of pure and elevated joy. "The Lord has given me many souls as a crown of my rejoicing."

What think you now, reader, of *Mr. Hume* and *Dr. Finley*, with regard to their retrospect of life? Who evinces most of the good and the virtuous man? Whose reflections, is it reasonable to conclude, were the more delightful? *His*, who let none of them escape his lips? or *his*, whose words were inadequate to express their abundance or their sweetness? No; the one had not delightful recollections to communicate. High happiness is never selfish. The overflowing heart pours off its exuberance into the bosom of a friend. And had Mr. Hume had any thing of this sort to impart, his companions and encomiasts

would have shared in his pleasure, and would not have forgotten to tell the world of its luxury. Their silence is a sufficient comment.

Let us extend our comparison to a particular, which, more than almost any thing else, touches the pride of philosophy: we mean the *dignity* displayed by the infidel and by the Christian respectively.

Ask Dr. Smith. He will tell you that, at the very time when he knew his dissolution was near, Mr. Hume continued to "divert himself as usual, with correcting his own works for a new edition; with reading books of amusement; with the conversation of his friends; and sometimes, in the evening, with a party at his favorite game of whist." Behold the dying occupation of a captain of infidelity! Of one who is eulogized "as approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man, as, perhaps, the nature of human frailty will admit"—his most serious employment is, "diverting himself." Just about to yield up his last breath, and "diverting himself!" *From* what? Let them answer who know that there are apt to be troublesome visitors to the imagination and the conscience of one who has prostituted his powers to the purpose of spreading rebellion against the God who made him! "Diverting himself!" *With* what? With correcting his *own* works for a new edition! a considerable portion of which "works" is designed to prove that justice, mercy, faith, and all the circle of both the duties and charities, are obligatory only because they are useful; and, by consequence, that their opposites shall be obligatory when they shall appear to be more useful—that the religion of the Lord Jesus, which has "brought life and immortality to light," is an imposture—that adultery is a bagatelle; and sui-

cide a virtue! *With* what? With reading books of *amusement*. The adventures of Don Quixotte; the tales of the genii; a novel, a tragedy, a farce, a collection of sonnets; any thing but those sober and searching treatises which are fit for one who "considers his latter end." *With* what? With the conversation of his friends; such as Dr. Smith, and Dr. Black, another famous infidel, who, as they had nothing inviting to discuss about futurity, and Mr. Hume could not bear the fatigue of abstruse speculation, must have entertained him with all that jejune small talk which makes great wits look so very contemptible, when they have nothing to say. *With* what? With an evening party at his favorite game of whist! A card-table, and all that nauseous gabble for which the card-table is renowned! The question is to be decided, whether such stupendous faculties as had been lavished upon Mr. Hume, were to be blasted into annihilation; or expanded to the vision and fruition of the INFINITE GOOD; or converted into inlets of endless pain, despair, and horror!—a question which might convulse the abyss, and move the thrones of heaven: and while the decision is preparing, preparing for *him*, Mr. Hume sits down to a gaming-board, with gambling companions, to be "diverted" with the chances of the cards, and the edifying conversation to which they give rise! Such is the *dignity* of this almost "perfectly wise and virtuous man." Such, a *philosopher's* preparation for death!

Let us leave him at the card-table, and pay a second visit to Dr. Finley. From his gracious lips, not a trifling word escapes. In his ardent soul, now ready to speed its flight to the spirits of the just, there is no room for "diversion;" for "correcting" compositions; for "books of amusement;" or for "games of whist." The everlasting life of

those around him—the spiritual prosperity of a congregation dear to him—the interests of his Redeemer among the nations—these, these are the themes which fill his thoughts and dwell upon his tongue. “Oh that each of you,” says he to the spectators of his pain, “may experience what, blessed be God, I do, when ye come to die.” “Give my love to the people of Princeton; tell them that I am going to die, and that I am not afraid of death. The Lord Jesus take care of his cause in the world.”

The manner in which Mr. Hume and Dr. Finley directly contemplated death, and the effects of death, presents another strong point of contrast. It is evident, from the whole of Dr. Smith’s narrative, that the former confined, or wished to confine his view to the mere *physical* event—to the bodily anguish which it might create, and its putting a period to earthly enjoyments. The whole of the philosopher’s “magnanimity” centres here. Allowing to his composure under these views of death as much as can reasonably be demanded, we do not perceive in it *all* that “magnanimity” which is perceived by Dr. Smith. Thousands who had no pretensions to philosophical preëminence, have been Mr. Hume’s equals on this ground. If he had succeeded in persuading himself, as his writings tend to persuade others, that the spirit of man, like the spirit of a beast, “goeth downwards;” that, when the breath should leave his body, there would be an end of *Mr. Hume*—that the only change would be to “turn a few ounces of blood into a different channel”—to vary the form of a cluster of corpuscles, or to scatter a bundle of perceptions up and down through that huge collection of impressions and ideas, that stupendous mass of *nothings*, of which his philosophy had sagaciously discovered the whole material and intellectual world to be

composed—if *this* were all, we cannot discern in what his magnanimity consisted. It is chiefly as a *moral* event, that death is interesting—as an event which, instead of putting an end to our existence, only introduces us to a mode of existence as much more interesting than the present, as eternity is more interesting than time.

It is this view that chiefly engaged the attention of Dr. Finley. In common with others, he was to undergo the pains of dissolution. But he rested not in these. He fixed his eye upon that new form which all his relations to God, to holiness, to sin, and the inhabitants of the future world, were shortly to assume. The reader, we doubt not, perceives the immense disparity between these cases. Mr. Hume looks at death as it affects the affairs of this world. Dr. Finley, as it involves eternal issues. Mr. Hume, according to his own notions, had nothing to encounter but the struggles of nature, and nothing to lose but a few temporal enjoyments. Before Dr. Finley was the tribunal of God, and the stake at hazard was an immortal soul. An error here is irretrievable; the very thought of its possibility is enough to shake every fibre of the frame; and proportionably precious and certain must be that religion, which can assure the believer of his safety, and convey him with peacefulness and pleasure to his Father's house.

This being the case, let us weigh the consolations of the philosopher against those of the Christian.

Dr. Smith has made the most of them in behalf of the former; but a very little scrutiny will show that they are light and meagre indeed. "I am dying"—they are the words of Mr. Hume—"as easily and cheerfully as my best friends could desire." "When he became very weak," says Dr. Black, "it cost him an effort to speak; and he

died in such a happy composure of mind, that nothing could exceed it."

We are not without suspicion, that, on the part of Mr. Hume, there is some affectation here; and on the part of his friends, some pretty high coloring. In the mouth of a Christian, "composure," "cheerfulness," "complacency," "resignation," "happiness," in death, have an exquisite meaning. But what meaning *can* they have in the mouth of one, the very best of whose expectations is the extinction of his being? Is there any "complacency" in the thought of perishing? any "happiness" in the dreary and dismal anticipation of being blotted out of life? It is a farce! It is a mockery of every human feeling; and every throbbing of the heart convicts it of a lie. But Mr. Hume expected a better state of existence—nay, talk not of that. There is not, either in his own expressions or those of his friends, the faintest allusion to futurity. That glorious light which shines through the grave upon the redeemed of the Lord, was the object of his derision. No comfort from this quarter. The accomplishment of his earthly wishes, and the prosperity of his near relatives, are the only reasons assigned for his cheerfulness. But these are insufficient. In thousands, and ten thousands, they have not availed to preclude the most alarming forebodings; and why should they do more for Mr. Hume?

In the next place, how shall we interpret his "resignation?" Resignation to what? To the divine will? O no! God was not in all his thoughts. But death was at hand, and he could not escape; he submitted to a stroke which it was impossible to avoid. And all that is said of his "composure," and "cheerfulness," and "resignation," and "complacency," when measured by the scale of truth,

amounts to no more than a sottish unconcern set off with fictitious gayety. It is easy to work up a fine description and it is often most fine, when most remote from the fact. Let any infidel between the poles produce, if he can, a reason that shall satisfy a child, why one who has lived without God, should find "complacency" in death. No thing but that "hope which maketh not ashamed," is a cause equal to such an effect. But "hope" beyond the grave, is a word which had no place in Mr. Hume's vocabulary, because the thing had no place in his soul. It is plain, however, that he

"Felt his ruling passion strong in death."

Whatever his decay had weakened, his desire to see "the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstition," which, with Mr. Hume, meant neither more nor less than the destruction of Christianity in every modification, retained its whole vigor. And thus, while venting his spite at the only "system" which ever could render death comfortable he goes to Lucian's Dialogues, and edifies his friends with chattering nonsense about Charon and his boat! Nothing can be more blind and infatuated than the fanaticism of philosophy "falsely so called." With this puerile levity before our eyes, and this contemptible babbling sounding in our ears, we must listen to tales of Mr. Hume's magnanimity, complacency, and resignation!

From a barren exhibition of Atheism, let us repair once more to the servant of God. In Dr. Finley, we see a man dying, not only with cheerfulness, but with ecstacy. Of his friends, his wife, his children, he takes a *joyful* leave committing all that he held most dear in this world, not to the uncertainties of earthly fortune, but to the "promises

of his God." Although his temporal circumstances were very moderate; although he *had* sons and daughters to provide for, and slender means of doing it, he felt not a moment's uneasiness. "Leave thy fatherless children with me; I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me," was, in his estimation, a better security for their support, than any inheritance in lands or lucre. And as to death itself, who but one "filled with hopes of immortality," could use such language as this: "A Christian's death is the best part of his existence." "Blessed be God! eternal rest is at hand." "O, I shall triumph over every foe"—he meant sin, Satan, death, the grave—"the Lord hath given me the victory. I exult; I triumph! Now I know that it is *impossible* that faith should not triumph over earth and hell." "Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commit my spirit; I do it with *confidence*; I do it with *full assurance*. I *know* that thou wilt keep that which I have committed unto thee."

We appeal to all the world, whether any thing like this, any thing that deserves so much as to be named in comparison, ever fell from the lips of an infidel? How poor, how mean, how miserable, does he look, when brought to the contrast! Let the reader review again the situation of Dr. Finley, ponder his words, and mark their spirit; and then let him go back to Mr. Hume's "diversion"—to his correcting his atheistical writings for a new edition—to his "books of amusement"—to his "game of whist"—to his "insipid raillery about Charon and his boat! Truly, the infidels have cause to look big, and despise the followers of Jesus Christ! "Pray, sir," said a young man to the late Dr. Black, in the presence of a juvenile company, at the Doctor's own table, "Pray, sir, how did Mr. Hume die?" "Mr. Hume," answered the sceptical chemist, with an air

of great significance, "Mr. Hume died, as he lived, a *philosopher*." Dr. Black himself has aided Dr. Smith in telling us what the death of a *philosopher* is. It has taught us, if nothing before did, that the pathetic exclamation, "Let my soul be with the philosophers," belongs to one who is a stranger to truth and happiness. If they resemble Mr. Hume, we will most devoutly exclaim, "Furthest from them is best." Let *our* souls be with the Christians; with the humble believers in that Jesus who is "the resurrection and the life." Let them be with *Samuel Finley*; let them not be with *David Hume*!

We cannot close these remarks without again reminding the reader, that no instance of composure in death is to be found more favorable to the infidel boast, than the instance of Mr. Hume. And yet, how jejune and forlorn does he appear, compared with Dr. Finley. The latter *longs* for his departure, "as the hireling pants for the evening shade;" and when it comes, he pours around him his kindly benedictions; his eye beams with celestial brilliancy; he shouts, Salvation! and is away to "the bosom of his Father and his God."

But in the other all is blank. No joy sparkles in his eye; no hope swells his bosom; an unmeaning smile is on his countenance, and frigid ridicule dishonors his lips. Be it never forgotten, that *no infidels die in triumph*! The utmost to which they pretend is, dying with calmness. Even this rarely happens; and, the Scriptures being judge, it is a part of their accursedness. It imparts the deeper horror to the *surprise* of the eternal world. But if you reverse the picture, and ask how many infidels close their career in anguish, in distraction, in a *fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the ADVERSARIES*,

How endless is the train of wretches, how piercing their cry ! That arch blasphemer, *Voltaire*, left the world with hell anticipated ; and we hear so frequently of his disciples “going to their own place” in a similar manner, that the dreadful narratives lose their effect by repetition. It was quite recently that a youth in the state of New York, who had been debauched by the ribaldrous impiety of Paine, yielded up the ghost with dire imprecations on the hour when he first saw an infidel book, and on the murderer who first put it into his hand. But who ever heard of a dying man’s cursing the day in which he believed in Jesus ? While such an instance, we are bold to assert, never occurred, nothing is more common than the peaceful death of them who have tasted that the Lord is gracious.” They who see *practical* Christianity in those retreats which the eye of a profane philosopher seldom penetrates, could easily fill a long record of dying beds softened with that bland submission, and cheered with that victorious hope, which threw so heavenly lustre round the bed of Dr. Finley.

These things carry with them their own recommendation to the conscience which is not yet “seared as with a hot iron.” If our pages fall into the hands of the young, we affectionately entreat them to “remember their Creator in the days of *their youth* ;” “to make their calling and their election sure,” before they be “hardened by the deceitfulness of sin.” Rich are the tints of that beauty, and sweet the fragrance of those blossoms, on which, in the morning of life, the Lord our God sheds down the dews of his blessing. You would not wish to be associated with infidels in their death—shun the contagion of their principles, while you are in spirits and in health. Your hearts cannot but sigh, “Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my

last end be like his." Cast in, then, your lot with him; choose for your own God, the God of Samuel Finley; and like him, you shall have "hope in your death;" like him, you shall "be had in everlasting remembrance," when "the memory of the wicked shall rot."

BOYLE AND HOBBS.

WHAT a blessing to mankind, in himself and in his writings, was the ingenious, humble, and pious Mr. Boyle! what a pest to society was the fallacious, proud, and impious Hobbes! Accordingly, we find the former bade adieu to this world with the utmost serenity, honor, and hope; while the other went out of it in the dark, with an odium on his name, as well as with terrible apprehensions of an unknown future. He had been an instrument of the prince of darkness, in poisoning many young gentlemen and others with his wicked principles, as the late Earl of Rochester confessed with extreme grief in the hours of affliction. It is remarked by those who critically observed him, that though in a humor of bravado he would speak very strange and unbecoming things of God, yet, in his study, in the dark, and in his retired thoughts, he trembled before him. What could make this strange man awake in such terror and amazement if his candle happened to go out in the night, but that he was unable to bear the dismal reflections of his dissolute and gloomy mind; and because he neither knew how quite to extinguish, nor yet how to bear the light of conscience, that "candle of the Lord" within him! Many, alas, appear like atheists in their mirth, in wine and company, who are quite of other sentiments in sickness and the gloom of solitude.

diseases had shaken the nervous system, and raging fevers inflamed the blood, have they ever been so far deranged as to wish they never had been born, for not rejecting the Bible as a wicked and mischievous imposition on the human race?

PRAYER FOR LORD BYRON.

AN English gentleman, who had recently been called to part with a lovely and beloved wife, that had exemplified the religion of Christ while she lived, and died in the triumphs of faith, found among some of her papers, which no one had seen during her life, a *Prayer for Lord Byron*. This he communicated to that distinguished infidel, and received from him the following reply :

SIR—I have received your letter. I need not say, that the extract which it contains affected me, because it would imply a want of all feeling to have read it with indifference. I am not quite sure that it was intended by the writer for me ; but for whomsoever it was meant, I have read it with all the pleasure that can arise from so melancholy a topic. I say *pleasure*, because your brief and simple picture of the life and demeanor of the excellent person whom I trust that you will again meet, cannot be contemplated without the admiration due to her virtues, and her pure and unpretending piety. Her last moments were particularly striking ; and I do not know, that, in reading the story of mankind, and still less in my observations of the existing portion, I ever met with any thing so unostentatiously beautiful. Indisputably, the firm believers in the Gospel have a great advantage over all others—for this simple reason, that, if true, they will have their reward hereafter ; and if there be no hereafter, they can be but with the infidel in his eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an exalted hope through life, without subsequent disappointment, since—at the worst for them—“ out of nothing, nothing can arise,” not even sorrow.

* * * *

“ I am obliged to you for your good wishes, and more
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than obliged by the extract from the papers of the beloved object whose qualities you have so well described in a few words. I can assure you, that all the fame which ever cheated humanity into higher notions of its own importance, would never weigh in my mind against the pure and pious interest which a virtuous being may be pleased to take in my welfare. In this point of view, I would not exchange the prayer of the deceased in my behalf, for the united glory of Homer, Cæsar, and Napoleon, could such be accumulated upon a living head. Do me at least the justice to suppose, that "*Video meliora, proboque*," "I see what is right, and approve of it," however the "*Deteriora sequor*," "I practise what is wrong," may have been applied to my conduct."

AN ATHEIST CONVINCED.

Sir Isaac Newton having an acquaintance who denied the existence of a Supreme Being, took the following method to convince him of his error, upon his own principles. Expecting him upon a visit, he procured a very handsome globe of the starry heavens, which being placed in a corner of the room in which it could not escape his friend's observation, the latter seized the first occasion to ask from whence it came, and to whom it belonged. "Not to me," said Sir Isaac, "nor was it made by any person, but came here by mere chance." "That," replied his sceptical friend, "is absolutely impossible; you surely jest." Sir Isaac, however, seriously persisting in his assertion, took occasion to reason with his friend upon his own atheistical principles. "You will not," said he, "believe that this small body originated in mere chance, and yet you would contend that those heavenly bodies, of which it is only a faint and diminutive resemblance, came into existence without order or design!" Pursuing this chain of reasoning, his friend was at first confounded, in the next place convinced, and ultimately joined in a cordial acknowledgment of the absurdity of denying the existence of a God.